

KING THOR

MARVEL

2

LGY#724

"An epic story dark in
mood and spectacle."

- AIPT!



AARON
RIBIĆ
SVORCINA

KING THOR



THE GIRLS OF THUNDER

THE SISTERS FRIGG, ELLISIV AND ATLI ARE ON A DESPERATE QUEST TO FIND OTHER GODS TO HELP SAVE THE DYING UNIVERSE. THE OTHER GODS ARE ALL THOUGHT TO BE DEAD, BUT THE MAD SHADRAK HAS ADVISED THEM TO START THEIR QUEST "AT THE BEGINNING."



KING THOR

MEANWHILE, THE GIRLS' GRANDFATHER IS IN THE FIGHT OF HIS VERY LONG LIFE. EONS AGO, HE FACED AN ENEMY NAMED GORR, WIELDER OF AN ANCIENT FORCE CALLED THE ALL-BLACK. AFTER GORR'S DEATH, THE ALL-BLACK SPENT EONS HIDING OUT, BUT NOW IT HAS FOUND THE ULTIMATE HOST: THOR'S BROTHER LOKI.



LOKI THE ALL-BUTCHER

IN A BRUTAL FIGHT WITH THOR, THE NECRO-EMPOWERED LOKI DECLARED HIS INTENT TO END THE UNIVERSE. BUT NOW IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE IS GOING TO BEAT HIM TO IT. HE WEARS A FAMILIAR FACE, BUT CARRIES A NEW TITLE. HERE AT THE END OF EVERYTHING, THE LAST GODS OF ASGARD ARE ABOUT TO FACE...



GORR, THE GOD OF GOD BUTCHERS

...AND HE'S HERE TO FINISH THE JOB HE STARTED MILLENNIA AGO.

CHAPTER TWO: "GORR AND THE LAST OF THE GODS"

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BUT NOW HERE I AM, RIPPED BACK INTO THE MISERY OF LIFE. BACK TO FACE EVERYTHING I REVEILED ALL OVER AGAIN.

AND WHY IS THAT?

WAS IT BECAUSE I YEARNED TO FINISH MY HOLY QUEST OF SLAYING EVERY WORTHLESS DEITY EVER BORN?

NO. I'D FOUND MY TRANQUILITY.

BECAUSE THE NECROSWORD RESURRECTED ME TO SERVE AS ITS FLESH-VESSEL?

NO. ALL-BLACK IS STILL ONLY A SWORD. A BLADE THAT NEEDS A WILL TO POWER IT.

IT WAS BECAUSE OF YOU, WASN'T IT?

LOKI, THE ALMIGHTY GOD OF THE ANTI-AXIOM, THE GOD WHO DELIGHTS IN EVERYTHING I DESPISE.

WHAT LIES DO YOU HAVE FOR ME TODAY, BUTCHER OF TRUTHS?

NO --KAFF-- NO LIES, GORR.

'TIS SOMETHING ELSE I OFFER.

TAKE IT.

TAKE THE REST OF THE NECRO-POWER.

TAKE IT AND FINISH YOUR WORK.





EVEN AFTER ALL THESE EONS
OF HATRED AND JEALOUSY, OF
WORKING FEVERISHLY FOR
YOUR FINAL, BLOODY
RUIN...

...LOKI STILL WASN'T SURE HE
COULD KILL YOU, WHEN THE
TIME CAME AT LAST.



INSIDE,
YOUR BROTHER IS
JUST A FRIGHTENED
CHILD.

TELL ME,
WHAT ARE YOU
ON THE INSIDE,
GOD OF THUNDER?
SHALL WE
SEE?

AYE.

KRA

KRA

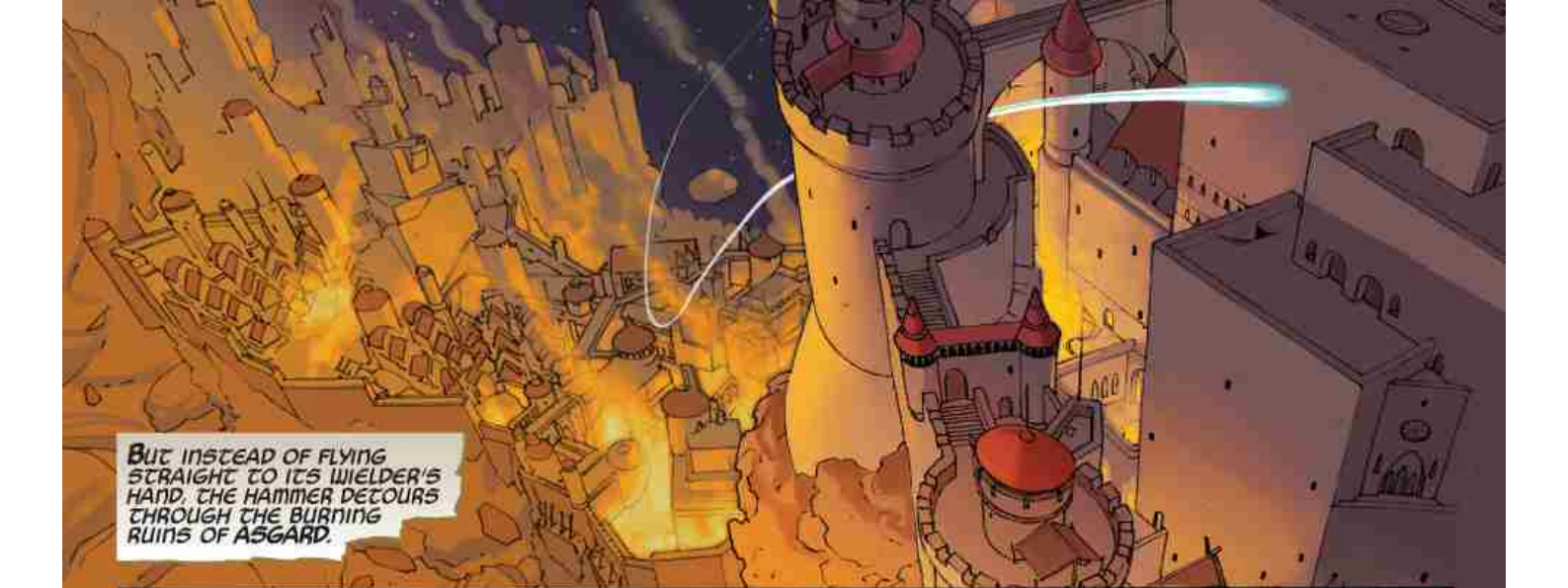




AND AS EVER, HIS UNBREAKABLE URU ALLY ANSWERS.



AS MJOLNIR TEARS FREE OF THE NECRO-BLACKENED SUN.



BUT INSTEAD OF FLYING STRAIGHT TO ITS WIELDER'S HAND, THE HAMMER DETOURS THROUGH THE BURNING RUINS OF ASGARD.

BEFORE RETURNING TO ITS KINGLY MASTER, WITH A FRIEND IN TOW.

YOU RESURRECTED GORR BECAUSE YOU KNEW YOU COULDN'T BRING YOURSELF TO KILL YOUR BROTHER. I SUPPOSE I'M MEANT TO TAKE THAT AS A SIGN THAT THERE'S HOPE FOR YOU YET, LOKI.

FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS YOU HAVE PERSISTED IN SHOWING THE FAINTEST GLIMMERS OF HOPE. BUT I NEED MORE THAN GLIMMERS NOW, BROTHER.

YOU'RE WRONG. I'VE NEVER HAD HOPE.

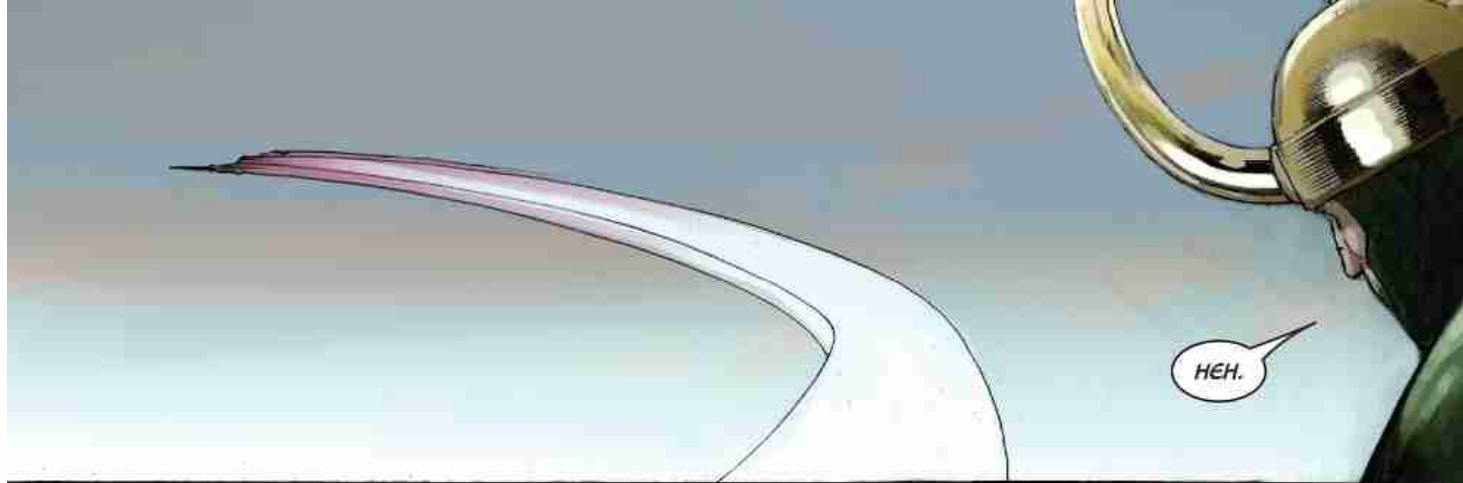
LOKI, I NEED YOUR HELP TO STOP THE GREATEST BUTCHER WHO HAS EVER LIVED.

BUT EITHER WAY... STOP HIM I WILL.

AND IF YOU FAIL ME NOW, KNOW THAT I WILL BE BACK HERE...

...HAMMER IN HAND, WET WITH THE BLOOD OF GORR...

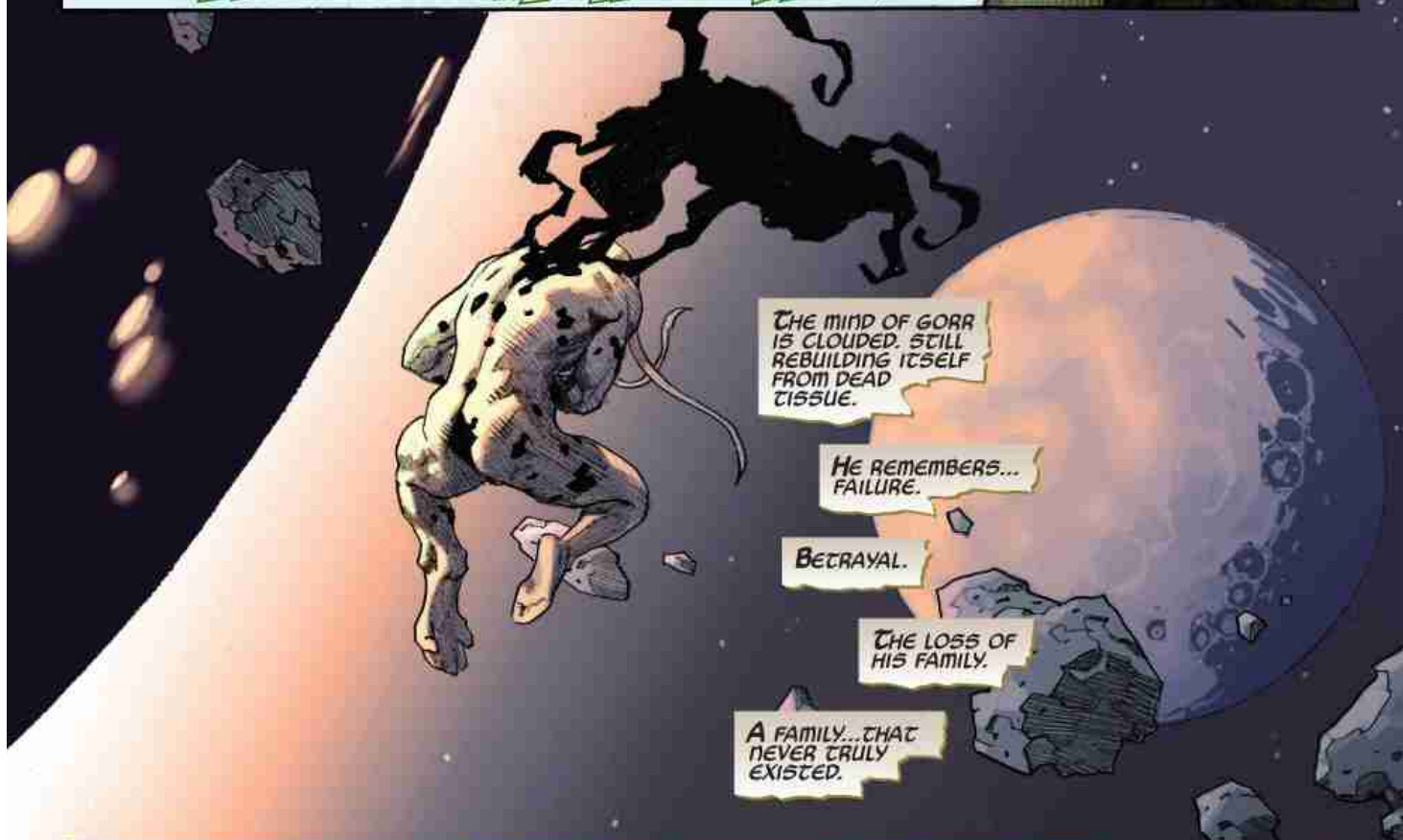
...AND I WILL NOT SHARE YOUR AVERSION TO THE SLAYING OF A BROTHER.



HEH.



HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!



THE MIND OF GORR IS CLOUDED. STILL REBUILDING ITSELF FROM DEAD TISSUE.

HE REMEMBERS... FAILURE.

BETRAYAL.

THE LOSS OF HIS FAMILY.

A FAMILY... THAT NEVER TRULY EXISTED.



HE BLAMES THE GODS FOR ALL OF THIS. AND HE KNOWS THE ONLY FAMILY HE NEEDS. HERE AT THE END OF TIME...

ALL-BLACK.



COME HOME.

...IS HIS SWORD.

EVERY LAST BEAUTIFULLY MURDEROUS NECRO-INCH OF IT.

AND THE WILL
TO USE IT.

GORR! YOU
SHOULD HAVE
STAYED DEAD,
YOU MAD
BUTCHER!

THIS TIME
I WILL KILL THE
HEL OUT OF YOU
FOR CERTAIN!
THIS TIME
YOU--

OH, BY
THE BLOOD OF
ASGARD.

BEHOLD, THE
NECROSWORD
IN ITS TRUEST
FORM!

THE
ANNIHILABLADE!

THE PLANET
CLEAVER!

BEHOLD
THE FINAL
DOOM OF THE
GODS!

FWOOSH!

I SPENT
ALL THOSE YEARS
TRYING TO MURDER
EVERY GOD WHO EVER
LIVED WHEN ALL I
REALLY NEEDED TO
DO WAS WAIT, THOR,
AND LET THEM DIE
OUT ON THEIR
OWN.

LET THEM
RUIN THEMSELVES
AS THEY'VE RUINED
ALL OF
CREATION.

AND THEN
JUST MURDER
YOU.

MEANWHILE,
LIGHT-YEARS AWAY...

HHRRRGH!

CAW

CAW

THE NECRO-RAVENS ARE
TURNING BACK! I DON'T
KNOW IF THAT'S A
GOOD SIGN OR A
BAD ONE!

DEATH MOUTH
IS DEFINITELY
DISAPPOINTED.

EITHER WAY,
I KNOW WHAT
WE MUST DO NOW.

WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO
GRANDFATHER. BACK TO
WHATEVER'S LEFT OF
ASGARD AND MIDGARD.
BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE.

WE WILL. BUT
NOT EMPTY-
HANDED.

ELLI, ENOUGH
OF THIS HOPELESS
QUEST. THERE'S
NOTHING OUT HERE.
AND NOTHING IN
THAT BOOK THAT
CAN HELP US.

"BACK TO
THE BEGINNING,"
SHADRAK SAID.
THAT'S WHERE
WE'RE HEADED,
SISTERS. TELL
ME--

--DO YOU
REMEMBER
HOW THIS
ENTIRE SAGA
BEGAN?

JANE
FOSTER? THE
MANGOG? THE WAR
OF THE REALMS?
THE COSMIC GOD
COP CASES?

PRAYER.

IT
BEGAN WITH
A PRAYER.

ONE THAT
CAME...FROM
HERE.



HE'S NOT DOING
THAT. HE'S PRAYING FOR
MIDGARD. HE'S NOT DOING
THAT. HE'S PRAYING FOR
MIDGARD.



I CAN HEAR
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING.
STOP IT.
IT ANNOYS ME
MORE THAN
DYING.



AM I
NOT DOING IT
RIGHT?
I'VE NEVER
HAD TO PRAY
BEFORE. THOR
HAS ALWAYS
PROVIDED.

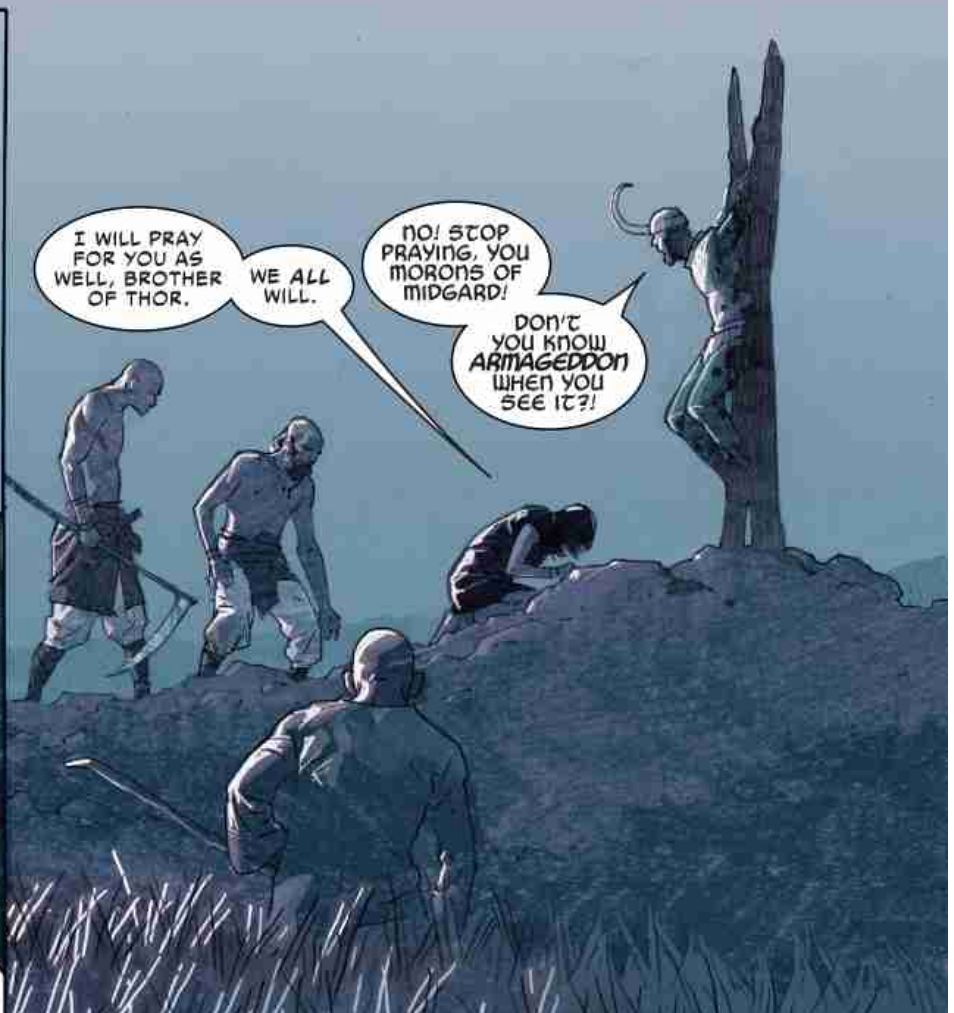


THERE'S
NO ONE
LEFT TO HEAR
YOUR PRAYER,
YOU MORTAL
SIMPLETON.

THE
HEAVENS HAVE
BEEN RAZED. THE
GODS HAVE FALLEN.
SOON ENOUGH
YOUR KIND WILL
FALL TOO.

YOU SHOULD
LIVE THESE FINAL
FEW MOMENTS WITH NO
REGARD WHATSOEVER
FOR ETERNAL REWARD
OR PUNISHMENT.

FOR NONE
AWAITS YOU.
NOW LEAVE ME BE.



I WILL PRAY
FOR YOU AS
WELL, BROTHER
OF THOR.

WE ALL
WILL.

NO! STOP
PRAYING, YOU
MORONS OF
MIDGARD!

DON'T
YOU KNOW
ARMAGEDDON
WHEN YOU
SEE IT?!

"YOU'RE PRAYING
TO AN EMPTY
SKY!"

THE UNIVERSE IS A
DESICCATED HUSH.

GORR'S BLADE CARVES IT
APART, ONE BLOODLESS
CORPSE OF A GALAXY
AFTER ANOTHER.

SOON THERE WILL BE
ONLY ENTROPY. AN INERT
SEA OF ALL-CONSUMING
NOTHINGNESS.

HAD TO
LEAD GORR AWAY
FROM MIDGARD! I
KNOW THIS
GALAXY!

HAS THREE
SUNS. THREE
SUPERNOVAS. IF I
CAN'T SAVE THEM...
PERHAPS AT LEAST
I CAN USE
THEM!

THESE ARE BUT
LIFE'S FINAL
TWITCHES.

BEHOLD, THE
DYING OF THE
LIGHT.

AND BUILD
SOMETHING EVEN
GREATER FROM
THEIR ASHES!

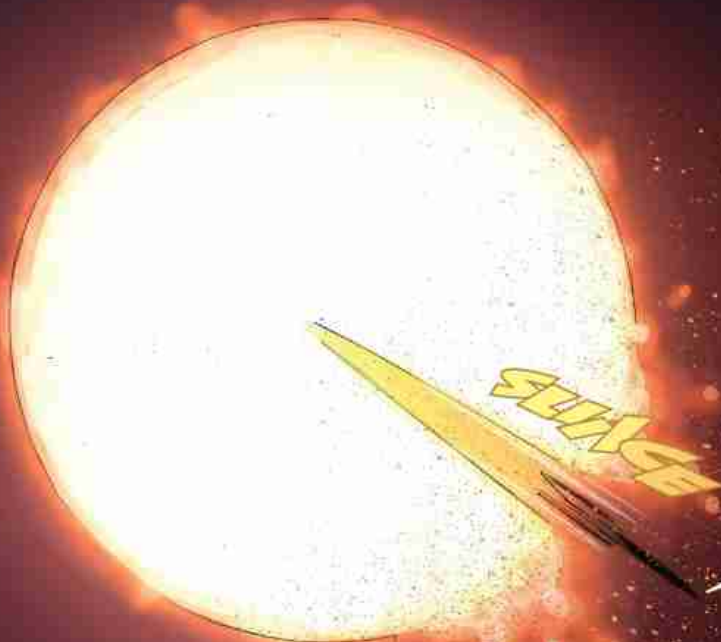
SOMETHING
THAT DOESN'T
INCLUDE
GORR!



ONCE I'VE
RAMMED THESE
SUNS DOWN HIS
THROAT!

RRRRRGH!

BUILD
FROM THE
ASHES.



I QUITE
LIKE THAT
IDEA.



I'VE ALWAYS
MADE THE SAME
MISTAKE,
HAVEN'T I?

EXPECTING
HUMANKIND TO
CHANGE, TO EVOLVE
PAST THE HUNGER
FOR GODS...

...ONCE
I'VE SO KINDLY
EXCISED THE
TUMOR THAT
IS DIVINITY.



BUT ALL THOSE
YEARS OF LOOKING TO
HEAVEN FOR SALVATION...
FOR VALIDATION... HAVE
LEFT MORTALS FAR TOO
WEAK, TOO TAINTED, TO
EVER TRULY LOOK INTO
THEMSELVES.

I CAN HEAR
THEM EVEN NOW.
YOUR PRECIOUS
PETS DOWN ON
MIDGARD. PRAYING
TO THOR. THE
GOD WHO
MADE THEM.

IS
THAT WHAT
YOU THINK YOU
ARE? THEIR
SAVIOR?

GORR!!!
THE ONLY WORDS
I WOULD HAVE
WITH THEE ARE "DIE
SCREAMING, YOU--"



GAAGH!

SAVIOR? BAH!
TELL THAT TO
THE DEAD WHO
LITTER THESE
WORLDS.

EVERY
BARREN WORLD
STREWN ACROSS THIS
DARKENED, FALLOW
COSMOS.

YOU AND
YOUR FELLOW
GODS HAVE MADE
A CHARNEL
HOUSE OF ALL
CREATION.

A GRAVEYARD
STRETCHING INTO
INFINITY.

EACH OF
THESE BONES
REPRESENTS A
LIFE THAT YOU
FAILED TO SAVE,
OH MIGHTY
THOR.

AND THOSE
POOR PRAYING
SOULS ON MIDGARD...
YOU WON'T BE ABLE
TO SAVE THEM
EITHER.

BECAUSE
I'M GOING
TO BUTCHER
THEM ALL.

EVERY MAN,
WOMAN AND CHILD
ON THE FACE OF
YOUR EARTH.

AND I'M
GOING TO
MAKE YOU
WATCH.

SWAP



NEVER!!!

IT'S THE ONLY WAY. I MUST PUT THE LAST LIVING MORTALS OUT OF THEIR KNEE-BENDING, THOR-LOVING MISERY.

SO THEN I CAN DO WHAT NO GOD EVER COULD.

I WILL CREATE NEW LIFE. SELF-SUFFICIENT LIFE.

LIFE THAT HAS NO NEED FOR GODLY GUIDANCE. THAT HAS NO IDEA YOU AND YOUR WRETCHED KIND EVER EXISTED.

AND EVERY DAY I WATCH THEM WORK FOR THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS AND STRUGGLE TO MAKE A BETTER WORLD FOR ONE ANOTHER...

...WITH NO THOUGHT OF A LIFE BEYOND THE ONE THEY SEE WITH THEIR OWN MORTAL EYES...

...IT WILL BE A REPUDIATION OF ALL THAT YOU ARE, THUNDER GOD. OF ALL THAT YOU'VE EVER BEEN.

AND FURTHER PROOF OF WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS KNOWN DOWN DEEP IN YOUR WEAK LITTLE GODLY COCKLES...

EEELRGH!

SHUNK

THAT I AM RIGHT.

mmmmRRRRGGGH!!!



HHHOK!

I BELIEVE
WE NEED TO
REVIEW THE FINER
POINTS OF OUR
DEAL, SIR
BUTCHER.



I DIDN'T
SUMMON YOU
FROM OBLIVION
SO YOU COULD
SLAY THOR.

LOKI
WAS BUTCHERING
GODS LONG BEFORE
YOU WERE AN UGLY
LITTLE TWINKLE IN
SOME UTTERLY
INSIGNIFICANT
EYE.

I'VE BEEN
GLEEFULLY LOOKING
FORWARD TO MURDERING
MY BROTHER SINCE
BEFORE I WAS WEANED
FROM THE TEAT OF
MY ASGARDIAN
MILKMARM.

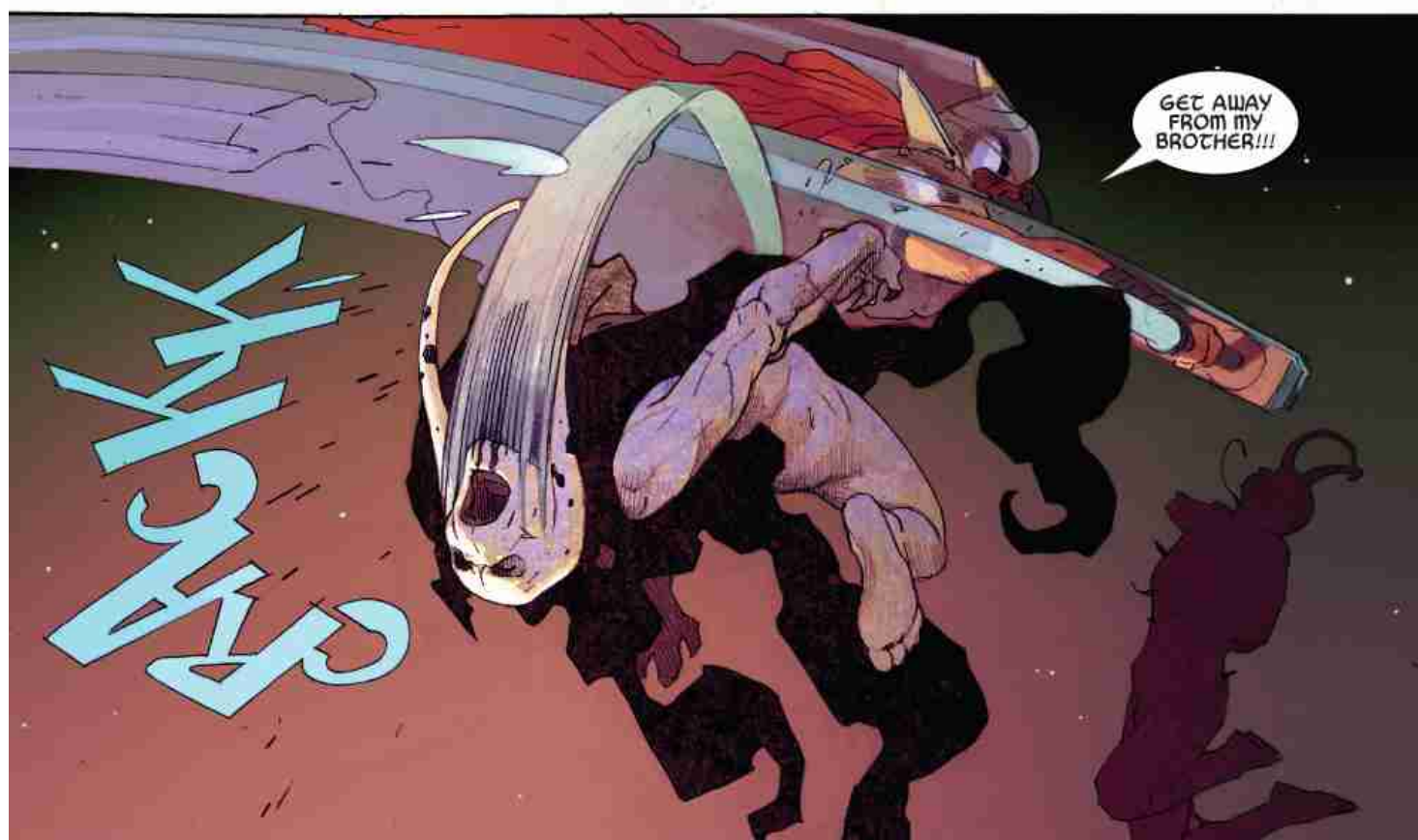
AND NO
HALF-NAKED,
BOW-LEGGED
CAVEMAN WHO
STUMBLED UPON A
MAGIC ROCK WILL
DEPRIVE ME OF MY
BLOOD-DRENCHED
BIRTHRIGHT.

IN OTHER
WORDS, GET
IN LINE, GOD
BUTCH--



AAA
RRR
GHH!!

AH.
NOW I
SEE.



LOKI!
GODS, WHAT
HAS HE DONE
TO YOU?

LEFT ME MY
TONGUE AT
LEAST. THAT'LL
WIND UP COSTING
HIM.

OH, BROTHER.
I KNEW YOU
WOULDN'T LEAVE ME
TO DIE. YOU CAME
BACK FOR ME.

THOR...
DON'T DIE
A FOOL.

GORR WAS
RIGHT. ISN'T
HE ALWAYS?

I KILL YOU.
HE KILLS ME.
THAT WAS
THE PLAN.

HE JUST...
SEEMS TO
HAVE MIXED UP
THE ORDER.

OH, LOKI.
NO.

WE CAN STOP HIM.
TOGETHER.

HEH. DON'T
LOOK NOW, THOR.
BUT WE'VE TWO ARMS
AND ONE GOOD EYE
BETWEEN THE
BOTH OF US.

I DOUBT
GORR'S EXACTLY
SHAKING IN HIS
BLACK BOOTIES
BEFORE THE
MIGHT OF THE
CRIPPLED ODINSON
BROTHERS.

TWO
ARMS, ONE
EYE...

THOOOM

...ONE
HAMMER.

AND ONE
CONNIVING,
GIANT-SPAWNED
BRAIN.

HE BUTCHERED
YOUR FLESH, LOKI.
BUT NOT YOUR MIND.
HOW DO WE
BEAT HIM?

WE DON'T,
BROTHER.

I'M ALL OUT
OF LIES, IT SEEMS.
GORR IS TOO STRONG.
TOO RIGHT. AND WE ARE
FAR TOO OLD AND
DERIVING OF
HIS RAGE.

THIS IS THE
PART WHERE WE
DIE, THOR. AND THE
WORST THING IS...HEH...
I WON'T EVEN BE
ABLE TO SEE
YOU SUFFER.

NO! I
REFUSE TO
ACCEPT THAT! I
BEAT THE MONSTER
BEFORE! I CAN
DO IT AGAIN!

I'VE BEATEN
A MILLION BUTCHERS
LIKE GORR OVER THE
EONS! I AM STILL THE
MIGHTY THOR! AND BY
THE GODS, MY THUNDER
WILL SOUND UNTIL THE
VERY LAST--



GHHHRRH!



THERE ARE
NO OTHER
BUTCHERS LIKE
ME, GOD OF
THUNDER.

GORR, YOU
COWARD! SHOW
YOURSELF! FIGHT
LIKE A--HRRH!

LIKE A MAN?
I CEASED BEING
ONE OF THOSE
LONG AGO.

BUT I WILL
NEVER BE ONE
OF YOU. I AM SO
MUCH MORE THAN
A GOD. I AM A
FORCE OF
NATURE.



GODS
MAY WALK
ON WATER.

BUT
GORR IS
THE SEA.

AND
THE SEA
IS TIRED OF
BEING TROD
UPON.

YOU HAVE
MY PERMISSION
TO DROWN NOW,
GODS OF
ASGARD.



HRRRRRRGH!!!



LOKI! I CAN'T HOLD BACK THE DARKNESS!

I NEVER ASKED YOU TO! LET ME DIE, DAMMIT!

JUST AS LONG AS OUR FATHER'S BLOODLINE DIES RIGHT BY MY SIDE!



IF THIS IS IT, BROTHER... I WANT YOU TO KNOW...

I LIED.



MOTHER NEVER GAVE UP HOPE. NOT WHEN IT CAME TO YOU.

HER DYING WORDS TO ME WERE... "NEVER LET GO OF YOUR BROTHER."

"AND SOMEDAY HE'LL SAVE US ALL."



I'M SORRY I FAILED YOU, MOTHER.

I'M SORRY I FAILED US BOTH, LOKI. I'M SORRY FOR--

GHUUUGH!

THE UNIVERSE IS A DESICCATED HUSK.

SOON THERE WILL
BE ONLY ENTROPY.

AN INERT SEA OF
ALL-CONSUMING
NOTHINGNESS.

THESE ARE BUT
LIFE'S FINAL
TWITCHES.

BEHOLD...

...THE DYING OF
THE LIGHT.

NEXT:



